

John Scutcheons
Emphatically Denies
Any Student Apathy

"Like the N.R.A. I Do My Part," Declares
Fifth Vice

CRAFTY SCHEMES

Relates How He Diddled Tax
Collector Dees of
Just Dues

At a recent meeting of fifth vice-presidents of the S.C.M. the leader extraordinary of the Vices, John A. Scutcheons got up and delivered an impassioned address on the evils of student apathy. "I have heard it said," he declared in impassioned terms, "that student apathy reigns supreme at Mongrel University. This statement I will not tolerate. As head of the Fifth Vice Presidents I feel it my duty to show that there is no student apathy."

"Was it not only yesterday, that one, Herbert Hattch Dees came up to me and said, John A. Scutcheons, it is your duty as fifth vice to support the Mongrel Annual. Give me ten cents . . . And what did I do? It was a tough spot—but my legal training came to my aid in the nick of time. Betchinking myself of a smart procedural move, I made a dilatory exception until I saw one, Silly Beller, or was it Silly Smeller, a callow inexperienced youth sauntering along. With an evil glint in my eye and a devilish smile on my face, I called the poor innocent over, and said, 'What do you think of student apathy?' And did he bite. 'I think it's terrible—did you see that letter in the Mongrel Daily about the Mongrel Annual,' he said.

"I think everyone should pay—'What more need be said. I left him in the incipient claws of the law and went off to meditate how I could get in on the 'costs' of collection of brother Dees and his ilk."

"Looking back over the long gone days of my college youth, I am reminded of a notable feud I had with that bacon slicer, Gerald Half Penny. (He was no relation to the proverbial bad penny—he didn't turn up after I finished with him; just couldn't take it). He had the nerve to imagine that he could compete in high class quarters where the great Scutcheons had 'vested interests.' Ah fool that he was—he 'belivered' the day he ever poked in his nose before I finished with him. I will not reveal the ghastly details, merely suffice it to say that as certain well known members of the Students' Council of Mongrel University will bear witness, I did duly escort that 'vested' interest to a notable hockey game, and did duly flaunt it before his eyes." God be praised and long live the Law Faculty.

Silence es essential four de complete enjoyment of dis paper.

Editor-in-chief,
Mongrel Daily,
Dear Sir:

One of Da Babes



Love and Kisses McWho according to the latest reports is pursuing his election campaign very strenuously and according to all the recognized methods. He spent last week bringing cheer and hope into every mother's heart by kissing her little babe.

Fifth Vice



John A. Scutcheons, Head of the Fifth Vice President's Ass., who indignantly last night when inquired by Mongrel Daily, 'Is there any Student Apathy?' 'certainly not,' shouted he, 'I polish my shoes every morning and bring Miss X's books to class.'

Bloomin' Club Held
Yom Kippur Retreat

"Company, form by twos. Quick march!" and with the commander-in-chief, Father Bloomey, the members of the McGurly Bloomin' Club marched forward to the annual Yom Kippur battle with the inhabitants of Happy Valley, County of Pudding, Heaven U.S.B. The women were dressed in scarlet so as to look like "scarlet women" and the men wore pyjamas, (a) uphalls, (b) lowhans.

Endlessly the procession wended its way across the turbulent seas of sin until the lookout in the lark's nest yodled "Ja-a-and ahea-ea-ea," and all the members of the ship made a wild dash for the lifeboats while the firemen attempted to quench the blaze of enthusiasm with a few cases of Yonny Croaker, and pretzels were added to suit the taste of the odd gourmand.

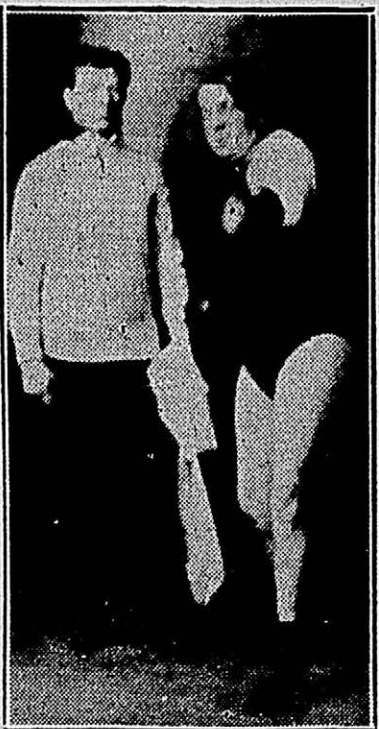
Upon the horizon of Heaven U.S.B. appeared the legions of His Sulphuric Smelliness, Mephistopheles. At their head rode the Highness himself on a Shetland pony, with vest to match, and striped trousers cut away behind in the latest McGurly manner. "To arms!" shouted His Sulphuric (you put in the rest) and all the women in the crew immediately threw themselves into the fray. "We want the chizz sandwiches," shouted the Jewish members of the Bloomin' Club, intending to make the best of the Yom Kippur strained relations situation. "Begorra, and ye'll no' git them," yelled back St. Patrick, as he shoved the car into reverse. "Up and at them. Don't let them goyim get away with the whole feed bag," bellowed Jake Ginsberg, of Ginsberg's Clothing Store, two pair of pants for the price o' fone coal.

"Hurry. They're gainin' on us," shouted Yon A. Smallun, as he rushed by the first retreating member. "Tis true, an' yea, flee, avast, and retreat," bawled Amen de Cabalero, as he picked up his first English neighbour and made a wild dash for the steak. Three days later, when all the beer was gone, the members of the Bloomin' Club came back to Barkona Hall to bark up another publicity stunt in order to stimulate interest in the election of Yankel McDonald to the presidency of Mongaza and the Outlandish Isles.

Utility et Lest

Vat youse von't use my story vails innocent reporter. Sure I'll use it says de tough-yegg es he march from de Office end turn to de left.

Social Star



D. Shorn Gails, chief cookie-pusher in a characteristic pose. He declares that he got all he learnt, from the "Manly Art"—in Ten short Lessons—By Bert Sligh.

Onion Committee
Found Drunk In
Basement Of Bit

McWho and McDougald in
Pitiful State

ZMAIL ZPEAKS

R. V. C. Tense as News
Spreads

At a late hour last night a radio patrol car found the three members of the Onion House Committee in a pitiful condition on a table in the Bit, a local hangout.

After being escorted home to 690 the members of the Committee were revived enough to call up the R.V.C. and make a date for the forthcoming Commerce Brawl (adv.).

On being asked how they got into the Bit Joan Macdougald said 'What do you mean Bit—That is an unclear word I n this here distric and I don't like it—get the G—D—out of here before we—' When informed that the Bit was a rendez vous of the elite, like the Fritz Bar Love & Kisses said 'We know n'othing about it—it is propaganda for the S.C.M. meat house and we was knocked on the head while electioneering for the Arts Undergrads and dragged in there.

Speed Zmail, the flash from Ottawa said to a reporter I was trying to show these guys a thing or two—how we does it in Ottaway when I was struck from behind."

When the cops finally turned the three whooper doopers over to the hospital authorities they were still in a dazed condition and claimed they would pull down the town the minute they got their hands on some muice-juice.

Balkanbee Circle
Held Galaxy Dance

Sometime last year the Balkanbee Circle of McGurly-on-the-Blink held a dance which was featured by galaxies. The attendance was in gala attire; the attending physicians were a galaxy in themselves, and the members saw galaxies of stars after the first few rounds. The affair was held at Spiffler's romping gardens, and was under the personal supervision of warden Norman Wienerstentzel and the Mis-sus.

The music was of a very questionable character, being supplied by Bemore Smells and Company, expurgated edition. From the first the brawl degenerated into another collegiate dance. Such tame attractions as the "Dance of the Seven Veils" and Smelly Round's fan dances failed to keep the attention of all those present. They therefore adjourned the meeting to the nether regions, where such attractions as were sure to keep the members occupied were presented."

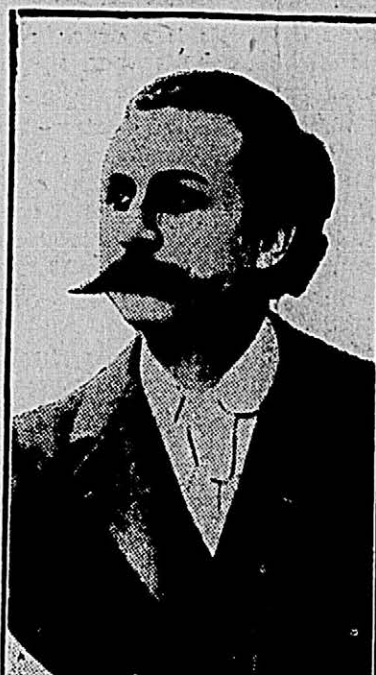
The list of those present was too great to be run completely, but we will give our readers (if such they be) an inkling of the many celebrities to be encountered there. There were the O'cohens, the Pat PFvinebergs, the McGinsbergs, the Crawl-in-Stones, the Blousefields, and many others of the Sewer Cleaners' Six Day Bicycle Race Union.

Cembel Piker

You tink 276.73392 miles per hour. Des fest. Esk des men of Bummerge end dey vill tell youse det de new Cenet es full of reel speed. Des de nuttin about petition of Bummerge in von mont end des show det Bummerge she's no hev big place et McGill end det she's be heap big lef lak des economists et McGill. Cembel embled et 276.73392 miles by our.



"Tammany Hall's Berrigan, famous ping pong pooper-dooper" whose challenging message to his electorate won him the unqualified support of the R.V.C. and Abe Bolan. He plans not to but . . .



Dis bold is Ginsboig. He has a clean record so they up and gives him a Rhodes Scholarship. So what the hell!

"13TH TIGHTIE"
NEW rephooey

Kohn Jennedy, Reducer of the Pink and Stewed Rephooey announced late last night that "Thirteenth Tightie" would be the next effort of the Reduction Committee. Shack Bawd, star of former Phooeys announced that he was agin' it. "We've only been tightie 11 times, so it'll be 'Twelfth Tightie!' Bored DoWinner, Induction Manager, objected vehemently, and announced officially that the title should read "Sixteenth Tightie or All the World's Stewed or Cheery Beery Beer."

The plot of "Thirteenth Tightie," according to the Duplicitly Manager, Highdehoo Perifooter concerns the life history of an empty bottle of Oigagnon which will undoubtedly be played to an empty house.

The music will be rank, while the naked truth about the choruses has yet to be told. Complimentary tickets may be obtained from Farley Squirrel. The cabaret is under the aegis of Ten-Shun, the giant extirpator of the Rephooey, who it is rumored, will grow three inches before the end of the month.

Phooey on the Rephooey!" exclaimed Jennedy when interviewed last night.



SPRING CAMP, buss will leave every twenty minutes on May twenty fourth from Ladacona Hall for Points North. Members are advised to supply own beer as backwoods prices are prohibitive.

Morning Glaple Service: will be held on place darmes at five-thirty Sunday next: Speakers Rabbi Cohen and Father Cooney.

Wednesday Bible Class — Read Job 45, discussion will be on Pests and Pooches.

Maritimer — Is Claim



Exclusive picture to Mongrel Daily of Bobs Darbour prominent social registerite of St. Jean, New Brunswick. We have it that the cowl effect is quite the latest thing in St. Jean—just about thirty years late.

McWho For Pres
Yell Co-Eds From
R. V. C. Roof Top

College Playboy in Election
Battle

ATHLETIC SUPPORTER

Boy From Townships Looks
For Female Assistance

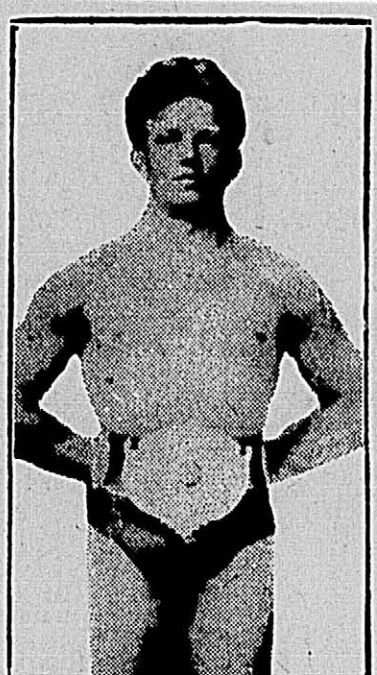
Today the first platform came in to the Mongrel Office for the forthcoming election. Love & Kisses McWho candidate for the Presidency Macca-bean Coicic says: "If youse guys elects me to dis job I guarantee free beer all the time in the Onion. And let me say a word or to to my R.V.C. supporters — I will give a lushious big kiss for every vote. I will also kiss their kiddies. But really I wish you would vote for me because I am an awfully nice, good looking, congenial, strong hockey player and I need the room in the Onion. I believe the Athletic Policy at the University is neris and would recommend that we have Louis N. Dooch for football coach. I would also insist on a Principal as he is useful to take the rap when the Dicks arrive on the scene at the Med Ball."

Love and Kisses has a notable record to his credit. This boy from Farnham entered Jas; McGill's knowledge plant away back in the War years. He has been through Arts and while in that faculty was President of the Classes of '11, '12, '13, and '14 as a freshman. He also coached the R.V.C. hockey team (Champs)

In his sophomore year the great McWho was President of the Classes of '15, '16 and '17, and Vice of the Class of '18 (He has since been appointed Permanent Vice of the Campus) That year he was active in the Scarlet Football Ushers, later becoming chief usher. In his Sophomore year McWho was coach of the R.V.C. hockey team (Champs) In his Junior Year Love and Kisses earned his name as the greatest lover on the Campus. He was title holder for fifteen years until Zmail the Flash from Ottaway came along. In the Junior Year McWho was president of the Classes of '18-24 (inc.)

He was three time Pres of the Arts Undergrad Soc. and played, broom ball, pushball, baseball, basketball, handball, volleyball and pool. He was coach of the R.V.C. hockey team (Champs). He never was a Senior in Arts as he snuck into Med. by the back alley. He has since continued to be a big shot and was elected a member of the Fartlets Society. He is a hockey player 'sans Pareil' he played Junior and Senior Hockey in Inter-collegiate, Senior Group, Interfaculty, Interclass and also with McGill every year. He is now goaler for a well known amateur team having renounced the big money a few years ago. He has been coach of the R.V.C. (?) team. (Champs). It is reputed that he is now teaming up with R.V.C. for good.

McWho is a member of the Onion House Committee and a strong supporter of the Bit, well known local beer garden, and as a charter member of the Constriction Club is well versed in Mongrel dirt. In running for this post the great lover of the Campus avers that if elected he will do his best to uphold his end.



Me? I Jean Baptiste Henri Gabriel de Trois Pistoles am dam fine guy. For why I am choose for grand honor sais pas mais see my chest she swells for pride.

BUNION louse
commitTEE gives
\$\$\$\$\$

FRée meal\$

"We Won't Make Hash Of
It This Time!"—Prexy

Jawn Aitch Fitzquannoid, president of the Onion Louse Committee was seated at his palatial roll-top disc in the attic of the Bunion as your reporter staggered in for an inter vier.

"Mr. Fitzquannoi!" began your correspondent haltingly.

"Don't bother me!" rapped the prexy. "I'm busy adding up surpluses."

"How do you surplus you'll run the Bunyan next year?" queried the reporter, tal'ig heart.

"I do not choose to run," yawned Yawn, "besides, there aren't any elections for a long time to come, so get the hell out of here."

7 pt bl

Your correspondent was not to be deceived by this hearty welcome, and continued doggedly. "Tell me Mr. McGlucuddy, do you think that co-eds should have rooms in the Onion?"

McGink, the master of campus destinies looked dogmatic, shaking his powerful mane in a hearty affirmative. "Definitely no! Woman has only one position in this world!"

"What is that, Mr. McTwitch?"

"This is not a lesson in plane geometry," retorted the exec tartly, "besides, before giving a definite answer to the pressh, I'll have to speak to my committee."

10 pt bl

At this juncture a pretty, young damsel, adress unknown rolled out of one of the desk's drawers and eyed the reporter suspiciously. The reporter blushed and forgot about the interview. What do you think about a Women's Bunion," he asked the damsel point blank.

"Keep yer nose clean," retorted the maiden, in flawless Oxford. Fitzquannoid went back to his surpluses, while the reporter hitched up his trousers. "Whatcha doin' t'nigh' babe?" he teetered.

"I'l have yuh know that I ain't the campus sweetheart!" she belched, "I'm only a candidate for the women's representative to the Bunyon Louse Coine Hithie, and don't you start making any improper advances!"

"What's wrong with my technique, anyhow?" continued the scribe.

"Well," she drooled, "you're not direct enough for one thing. You have no sex appeal, for another. You've never been elected to anything, for another. You don't sit at roll-top discs, for another. You don't wear garters. You haven't got a middle name. You'd better go back to kinder-garten!"

NUXTICES

One Scarlet Key with initials D.W.S. '32, somewhere near Murray Bay, finder please leave with Bert in Union.

Found Little gold basketball with initials D.W.S. on bottom. Owner may have same by calling Honest Harry at BE 12345.

InterClass Debating The Arts interclass debating will be held at six thirty Thursday morning on steps of Arts Building. Prize will be a very fine '32 class pin with initials D.W.S. on back.

Ginsberg Awarded
Rhodes Scholarship
As Board Cheers

Swig and Pistle Stamping
Ground as Moment...
ary Decision is Made

REVOLUTION PROMISED

Ginsberg Wears Size 14
Boots and Inten's Open-
ing a Kosher Shop

AFTER a four hour session in the Swig and Pistle. Mr Sweaty, Chairman of the Rhodes Scholarship Board made announcement of the holders of lucky tickets for the 1945 trip to Euope that carries with a holiday in the regions of Bumbridge. The winners were Bogden Ginsberg of Dishups School and Jean Baptiste Gabriel Yankel de Trois Pistoles of Ecole de St. Louis de Ha Ha.

Mr I. P. Weany, Cee of the Board made the following announcement in conjunction with the above: "I think it unnecessary for (burp!) me to state that these men (burp!) were the best selected (b.....urp!) under such trying (sic) conditions. We are sure that Mr Ginsberg and Mr de Trois Pistoles will (burp!) show these nincompoops from Bumbridge a thing or two.

Ginsberg Was Flasky Bogden Ginsberg was born in Nitzli-Notovitzgrad, Paland (Shaka da Furnace) the son of Arthur Johnstone Fuller and Secky Snzy, one of a litter of 5. His scholastic record was an outstanding one. He was a waiter and wears size fourteen boots.

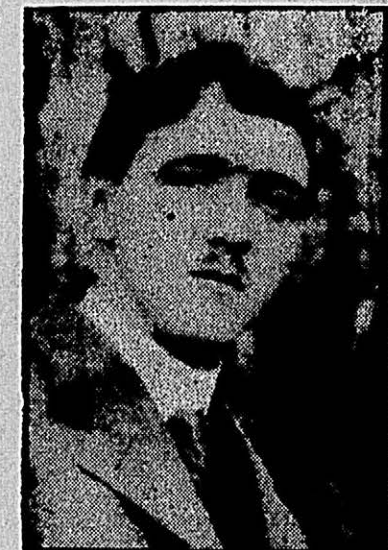
Jean Baptiste Gabriel Yankel de Trois Pistoles d'Ecole de St. Louis de Ha Ha was born in Bore-de-plouffe on a rainy day. His mother and father were both born in Canada (and mind you place great importance on this fact); it shows they were Canadians) and his brother Louis is a brother in law to McParfootin who writes for the Mongrel Daily. Besides his sister Marie Antoinette is a chorine in the Red and White Review. We are basing our award on the hypothesis that all the family can't go wrong."

Decision Appeals to Board

"I wish further to state" continued Mr Weany, "that when Mr Preen Dorett selected the lucky ballots he was blind-folded and could in no-wise have known what it was all about. Other members of the board were as equally incapable of making anything but a similar selection."

Mr. Weany pointed out that both young were intending carrying on the tradition of Rhodes Scholarship winners. Ginsberg intends opening a Kosher Meat shop on his return, whilst de Trois Pistoles has intimated that he would like to instigate a revolution sometime in the distant future.

VICTORIOUS . . .



A smile dimpled his downy cheeks as Fweddle Wiggle swelled his chest with pride the morning after the Onion Elections and distributed stogie to his successful commerce machine. "Hello Mom an Pop. It was tough fight," he murmured as the talkies clicked.



Henry H. Schnapphausen, "fir-brand of the Balkans" will address a meeting of League Against War, Schnapphausen declared, "It will be hot." When queried about sect 98 of the Criminal Code, he declared with fervour, "Ah that was the most unkindest of all." . . . That's all? . . . Why—e-X

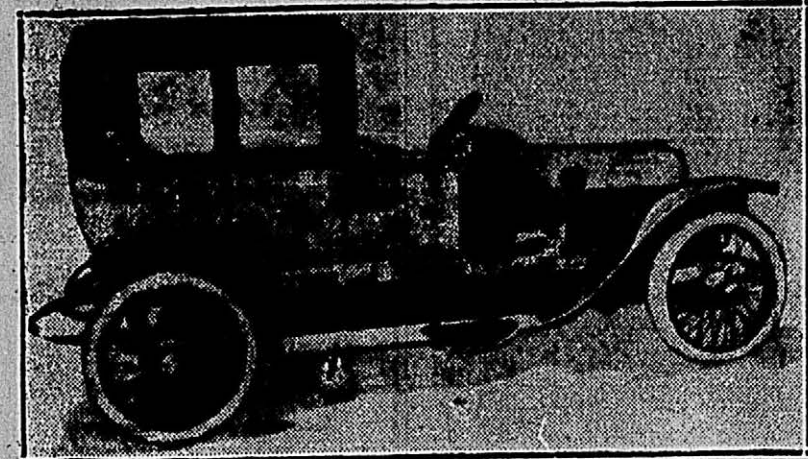
Major Annôuncés Choicé Of Nêw Rûgby Côach For 1935

Basketball Squad Walks Out As Protest Gesture

BLOBES CONFESSES ALL WHEN GRILLED—McSUANDER ANNOUNCES SPECIAL SAUSAGE RATE IN UNION DAPFYTERIA—NEW COACH DISDAINS SALARY—“MAKE IT A MILLION” HE TEETERS—OBSTETRICS DRILL FOR SQUAD MOOTED—BON DONGUE FINALLY GRADUATES—X.B.X. REPORTED ENGAGED—ISSUES STATEMENT FROM JAIL

(BY SILLY SMELLER)

MAJOR GEE ROOBY BLOBES, Athletic Foot announced late last night that a new coach had been secured for the football squad for the coming season. The new coach, he announced is a 1917 Model-T and hits only on three cylinders.



DE NEW COACH —PHOTO BY PHARSIA

“We are sick and tired of flat tires,” sobbed Blobes as your correspondent threw a sop to the ailing alumni, “and so we decided that instead of getting a cabriolet with a brand new coat of thinly veiled professionalism, we’d get this model-X Trash, body by Pisher.”

Coach Has Spare

The new coach is reported to have four perfectly good wheels and a spare. His engine is well-oiled, and there is room for a special back-seat driving committee and four specially chosen grads, two newspaper correspondents and the Sports Basket of the Daily.

The Major had just finished his epoch-making announcement, when the new coach, Willy Love-Child Knight the 2d was wheeled into his office and the Bunion. At the helm was **Bawlie M. McPew**, star pawn-pusher of the bridge club, who announced that the coach was absolutely useless in the nets. The coach when interviewed, stated that two and two equalled four, and he didn’t know where the next championship was coming from. “Our boys will deliver in 1963,” he announced. “I’m starting them on a special course in Obstetrics. Our bucking halves, will however, be compelled to become more efficient in forward passes. Say, is McGurl in the league?”

Bill Terry Denies

Bill Terry, ace coach of the New York Jernts, announced that the Coach would have to eat his woids, because Brooklyn is in the league, even if they are tail-enders. Warrin Stepins, ace coach of the Faristy Goobys wired his felicitations to the new Coach. “Glad to hear that McGurl is in the league stop is McGurl in the league stop kiss Major Innaccuracy for me Love and Kisses Stepins stop.”

The new coach will be tendered a banquet in the Pig and Fizzle Garage, at which Bill Better will issue denials and squash roomers. Special alcoholized gasoline will be fed the coach while Prof. Leaking Steamcock will move the vote of thank. Commanding bigger and better spectators sports.

+

Fleeh! “Check signals,” howled the Major, “de new football coach is Leaking Steamcock, who has finally decided that he ain’t had enough extra-curricular activities.”

PANTS ON SPITS

by ogee

This corner has it from an absolutely impeccable source that the new football coach will be Joe Boloney of the Bummy Beach Roughety-Toughety Creampufts. We got the information from Major Bedso Lyonit Blobes, who got it from Daisy Divine, a prominent Beach, who gets it regularly from Boloney himself, so it must be true. Boloney has had a notable career on the gridiron, having been grilled seventeen times during the past five years by the local police force. He should therefore make a worthy addition to the University coaching staff.

oVer The ShirTLigHt

by a. d. piles

We would like to take this opportunity of bidding our dear readers a reluctant, nay a tearful goodbye by informing each and every one of you, my friends, that the new football coach will definitely be the man whom this department has been campaigning for. We present to you, ladies and gentlemen, Boswell Baren, the Wizard of the winches, who nows the sweetest collection of Mae West jokes this side of any girdle-iron.

GAWKEY STOCKINGS

by x.x.x.

We hear this one at the Bummer’s Brawl dear readers. Now it can be told. We have on the best of orthority thta the next football coach will be none other than Princess Eugenee, who has had her heavy training in the streets of Paris. Don’t miss de Slummers Stall.

SQUAXING, dE oNly aRT

by fert bright

Swing a straight left to the right and a crooked right to the left. If you hit him d,ick and run, because we had it from a guy who saw it in de Hoird because it wasn’t in de Gazoomp, dat de next rugby pooch will be Smilly Bentieman, ex-officio price pal of MonGrel University. We should sweep de boards.

shORTsIGHtEd spURTS

by bill smeller

It is my pleasant duty to squelch roomers. What you all been hearin’ about this goddam couch business is all wrong because there’s been a leak in the Major’s pipe. The facts of the case is dis: The new squich for the football coach to lead MonGrel to a title by 1971 or points west. De coach is Farry Chloroform, positively amachewr leader of the amachewr foofie team of the MonGrel Foofie Foofie, who will soiv gwithout a salary as accurately reported in these columns. Read Smeller for more dope.

Class Hockey

MA. 9177 vs. PL. 9177

PL. 9177 vs. MA. 9177

There will be a meeting in the Wig

Get in touch with Yawn Ratt, Pia

oon 9177.

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Gug Gug Go Quints . . .



Go go go Onion House Committee as they are snapped in exclusive studio pose. Love and Kisses McWhoo, Ducky Wucky Zmaili, and Jess McDougald from left to right. They promise to keep a sharp eye on R.V.C. next year.

Coarse-Response

The Editor,
MonGrel Daily
Dear Mr. Editor:

I have long felt the desire to write to you upon a topic which has been bothering me, and which I have felt should be aired. I do not know whether you will see fit to publish this matter as it touches upon matters that are personal to myself and in some respect to yourself. In fact, I feel that you will be exhibiting a great amount of personal courage should you consider the matter, seeing how dangerous it is to all concerned to give publicity to an affair of such far-reaching concern.

I am sure, Mr. Editor, that you will understand my hesitation at not having written upon this particular topic previously, knowing as you do my natural inclination to hesitancy where expression of grievances in public are concerned, but I have convinced myself of the utter necessity of conditions that have brought about this particular state of affairs, and am hoping that I have your support, as well perhaps your cooperation, — (this latter in the form of an editorial or two, or perhaps a special issue devoted to the sole treatment of this matter).

Thanking you in anticipation, and with best personal regards, I am
Respectfully yours,
I. ROLLAND-THOSS

Mr. Bill Location,
Editor of the MonGrel Daily.
Dear Mr. Location:

Being a young girl in my early twenty-fives, and still quite innocent, though I had very little to do with that, I cannot understand the strange habits of this otherwise fine University. When my mother decided to send me to the University she took me aside and after a few remarks which I cannot repeat (for fear you might print them) she said that one of the most important things about a university centred about the people that

one met there and the associations that grew out of them. To this I agreed, whereupon mother added "And I hope that HE will be as handsome and as kind as your Father was." This got me thinking, but as my mental faculties were not highly trained in that direction at the time, it took me two or three years to discover, just what was intended.

Now somewhere in my third year the complete truth of what my mother had told me appeared to me in all its nakedness. I looked about me to see what I had accomplished, and lo and behold, all I could show were a few firsts in biology and not one hang-over. Thus aroused, I proceeded to join the Slayer's Club where I made a tremendous hit as usherette number seven on the opening night of three shows. I met several "EN, but all of them seemed to be occupied already, and though one of them smiled when he dropped his program and I picked it up nothing really came of that. The same thing happened at the Review, and it was not till I got elected to the Plummer's bawl committee (by a mix-up of names) that I first met and associated with fellow students of the masculine category.

Something went wrong, however, but then, I am sure that the fellow was not worth the honour of fulfilling my mother's requirements seeing how vigorously he objected to marrying me within the week. I tried many of the societies. I even debated at the Bitta Fry on the topic "A Woman's duty is to get Married" but as there were only females present, and as the Daily was overcast that night, I didn't get one tiny whit of satisfaction for all my efforts.

Now Sir, you would think that I may not be attractive. I can assure you however that the contrary is the case. Both my mother and father have agreed that I am not lacking in the charms of this worldly world, and you know as well as I do how good an authority they are. You Sir may be

FLASH FLASH

Last night in a sensational release the Onion House Committee made the following statement 'We are proud and happy to announce the winner of the Onion Pool Tournament is Algy Load of the Mongrel University Staff.' Load, although half loaded flashed thru for a flashy win, beating out Van Wogner, local estate and camp merchant in a closely contest match.

When interviewed at a late hour last night Load said that he was glad he had won the Cup offered and would continue to drink the Onion House Coffee which the Prof claimed was a hellolafot better than the Bit cojee. When pressed for a statement concerning the secret of his success the great man replied it could be found in his 'Aids to Unwritten English' 65 cents from Miss Pool.

New Principal



Without violating any confidences, and ever the up to the minute minute newspaper, the MonGrel Daily at great cost has procured a recent portrait of the new Principal. Although secrecy closes our lips as to his name, doubtless his features will be plain to everyone.

wondering just why I am telling you so much of this confidential part of my life; it is because I am seeking your aid in my problem. I have it on good authority that at least half-a-dozen recent members of your staff have gone into the awfully necessary fetters of wedlock. My problem is: Can you guarantee me just such a bargain if I join the daily staff? I shall take a post-graduate course next year, if you think that there is any possibility. I must please mother, and you are my only resource left. Please help me.

I don't think you should publish this letter.

I look forward to being indebted to you for life, and remain at present your charming and devoted friend,
FANNY PHAES.

It has been brought to my attention that Mongrel University is proposing the erection of a new Gymnasium. This I oppose vigorously on the grounds that it will give the students far more conveniences than they deserve. Judging by their high score in the gentle art of apathy, students are the most likely persons to take advantage of such a building as a gym, so that it would be a crime to give them anything which they might use properly and thoroughly, and thus spoil their

admirable score in the above-mentioned pleasant game of antipathy.

Another reason for my objecting to the aforementioned gym is the fact that it will include a swimming pool. Now students are prone to loll about on pool tables, but, I fear, if they perform the same function in the other sort of pool about which I just made such a bad pun, I am sure that the apparent rate of suicidal deaths will be so much on the increase as to be out of all proportion to the number of students I am anxious to see got rid of normally.

And, Sir, in conclusion may I point to the much better use which is at present being made of the proposed site. Combining a dog's paradise with the eccentricities of a haven for defunct taxicabs, the charms of the grounds would be much spoiled by the exclusion of these features, and by their replacement by a set of buildings of what must be questionable value.

Feeling sure of overwhelming support in these splendid contentions of mine, I close, remaining yours affectionately,
A CONSTANT READER.

MonGrel Daily Sossiety Colym

Poisonals But Not Social

Cuddles: meet me in the Law library today at 5, but leave the kid at home. Dalton.

Eleanor: I've finally got you a date. He's pretty much of a punk but the best of my applicants. Phone EL 2131 and ask for Allison. Pooch

Eileen: Your lonely athletic non Med student has finally signed up. Get in touch with me today. Pooch

Rhoda: the next time you let a punk Commerce mug sneak off with four dances we're through. Get that? John

Evelyn: Please believe me, I missed the train. Your suspicions are groundless. Lindsay

Florence: Send back the ring it was all a joke. John A

Dougie: You can come back to town. We've hidden dad's shotgun. Kay

Mabel: that brawl at the Mount Royal was all a mistake. I can explain everything. Give me one more chance. Bryan

Doug: no more week-ends. The family is wise. Syl

Gerry: you'll have to trotta little faster: she's a fast stepper. A pal

Cynthia: remember the promise you gave me at Ottawa. It's o.k. for tonight. Jean-Paul

Betty: come on over. U.H.C

Best Ping-Pong Player



The Rev. Blooney in a characteristic fighting pose "When I does things, I does things," says he in exclusive interview to Mongrel reporter.

NUXTICES

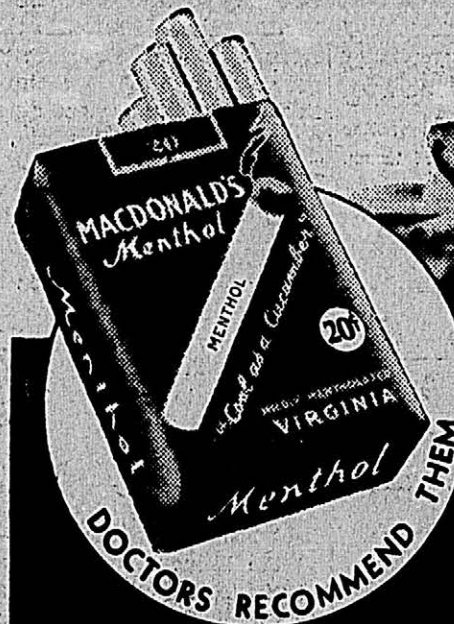
The Maccabean Circle
Will all those who borrowed false faces and guns for the recent Saint Patrick's Parade please get in touch with Joe Lazarus at FA 12345 at the earliest opportunity. This is urgent.

Bridge Club
The annual get together of the bridge club will be held on the evening of May 1st in the Union Pool Room. It is expected that a large crowd will be on hand to watch the members of the local pool players union No. 35 play off for the Inter-collegiate title.

Lost
One Mary Lou Hamilton. Please return to Mongrel Women's Union. All is forgiven, we will give the Delta Stigma their hundred bucks.

POWER'S
rompt & Punctual
RINTERY
Limited
All That the Name Implies
SERVICE
362 Notre Dame W.
Opposite Royal Bank
1st Floor Orkin Bldg.
H.A. 6535

10 FOR 10¢
20 FOR 20¢
PLAIN OR
CORK TIP



I like the cool zest of
MACDONALD'S MENTHOL
so does my throat

The Semi-Annual Meeting

of the

Women's Union

will be held on

FRIDAY, MARCH 22nd
at 3 p.m.

IN THE R.V.C. COMMON ROOM

and will be followed by the

Semi-Annual Meeting

of the

M. W. S. A. A.

All members are expected to attend.



Our artist took the liberty of depicting a few of the leading members of the League of Damnsions . . . Waud do you think of the fishing? The League apparently has Dunn better than this in the past . . . but perhaps it will Turner out better than it looks.